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MALAGROWTHERING.

MALAGROWTHERING is a branch of a very important art—the art of ingeniously tormenting. It derives its name from Sir Mungo Malagrowther, an ancient Scottish gentleman described, in a certain veracious history entitled "the Fortunes of Nigel," as attending the court of James I. of England, where an uncouth visage, joined to lameness in one leg, and the want of three fingers of the right hand, made him a somewhat conspicuous figure. Sir Mungo had been brought up in the school of suffering, for, the king and he having been educated together, it was his duty to receive all the whippings due to his majesty for slovenly tasks and positive misdeeds, in addition to all those chastisements incurred by his own proper demerits; and he had thus contracted an irritability of spirit which clung to him through life, and caused him to feel pleasure only in the misfortunes and failings of his fellow-creatures. It was Sir Mungo's custom to go about amongst his friends for the purpose of gratifying this propensity of his nature, his personal deficiencies and the pity due to his poverty protecting him in most instances from the resentment which he rarely failed to inspire in every one with whom he conversed. An amusing scene will be remembered, in which he contrived, while walking arm in arm in the most friendly way with Lord Glenvarloch, to fill the heart of that youth with bitterness by allusions to certain rumours which were flying about respecting his lordship, as that he had become a gamster, that he was one who gamed safely and meanly for the sake of money, and much more to the like purpose. This was a remarkably fair specimen of the powers of Sir Mungo in inflicting a little torture in a friendly way.

Malagrowthering, however, was by no means invented by this venerable gentleman, but is an art of the remotest antiquity, albeit neither Goguet nor Beckmann makes any reference to it. We hold it likely that the population of the world was no sooner sufficient to maintain a dialogue, than Malagrowthering took its rise, seeing that it has a foundation in human nature itself, and only requires the requisite number of persons, a Malagrowtherer and a Malagrowtheree, to be called into exercise. Nor is this likelihood in the least diminished by the consideration that the first two who lived on earth were a married pair, but quite the contrary, a civil mode of mutual tormenting being extremely suitable to that condition in life. Ever since then, Malagrowthering has been a well-known and much bepractised art, although not recognised under any definite name till a comparatively recent period. We shall now proceed to consider the various rules and modes of the art, as exemplified in the practice of its greatest masters—and mistresses.

Tastes differ, notoriously, in all things, and in this amongst the rest; but it cannot be denied that it is a large and most respectable section of the ancient order of St Mungo who generally prefer, in their practice, the comparatively candid mode of torment called touching on the sore heel. We need scarcely explain that by this is meant making allusions to painful circumstances in the past lives or present situation of one's friends, always, of course, in a polite manner. Suppose, for instance, that your friend has committed some notably imprudent or rash act in the course of his life, or at any time from any cause made himself a public laughing-stock, or is now suffering under some wound inflicted on his vanity or his fortune, all you have to do is to bring the conversation to that point, whatever it is, and enjoy the affected tranquillity with which he talks of it, all the time that you know his heart is burning within him. There is one great advantage

attending this mode of Malagrowthering, that it can be performed with an appearance of frankness extremely honourable to one's self. You may appear to fall in a good-humoured blundering way upon the subject, and keep up a good laugh all the time you converse about it. Then it looks downright, and maintains a character for openness, under favour of which you may in time become what is called a privileged person, and so be able to say all kinds of disagreeable things at all times to any body. This mode was the favourite one of Sir Mungo himself; a fact which should in itself go far to recommend it to all who rank themselves under his banner.

Less direct natures will generally prefer the next mode, which chiefly consists in acquainting one's friends with depreciatory opinions which are, or may be supposed to be, entertained of them by others. This mode may want some of the advantages of the candid plan, but it is safe and pleasant, and quite as effective. It calls, it is true, for a slight exercise of dissimulation, and occasionally even a little positive lying; there are also people who may think it shabby to report things said by others, and worse than shabby to invent them and lay them in the name of persons who never so much as dreamt of them. But all these are matters between one's self and one's conscience; and if the operator chooses to disregard them, we cannot well see what title any one else has to interfere. Besides, it is an acknowledged maxim amongst the honourable body of tormentors, that the end sanctions the means; and as their purpose is generally the laudable one of taking down pride, or the equally laudable one of letting the wind out of vanity, or perhaps the still more useful one of inspiring a little prudence into the brains of folly, why, we should suppose that, instead of blame, they deserve some public mark of approbation. We recollect, for instance, being ourselves much indebted to a lady Malagrowtherer, at a time when youthful vanity had persuaded us that we possessed a gift for the sacred art of poesy. This lady had the great kindness to inform us, that a certain gentleman of her acquaintance had spoken of our verses as things which, at a maturer age, we should be ashamed to have written. It was a staggerer at the time, but we have since acknowledged that it did us good. So also do we remember this same lady effecting some considerable reformation in the external aspect of her friend Mrs Gayflower, by informing her of a remark which a certain gentleman had made upon her, to the effect that she was a handsome woman, but always greatly overdressed. If this simple remark did not cause Mrs Gayflower to lay aside a set of ostrich feathers, and put off some dozen yards of pink ribbons for three whole weeks, may we never again take pen in hand! Certain other persons were supposed to have been much obliged to our friend for the hints she gave them of what was generally said by the public respecting their style of life. This was a point on which she was apt to give herself rather more than the usual scope, for, not being in flourishing circumstances herself, she thought it unjust that the children of affluence should enjoy themselves immoderately. It is supposed that Mrs Girdwood, the rich brewer's wife, did not give any kind of party for a whole month, and that champagne was banished from her husband's dinner-table for the better part of a winter, in consequence of our friend having informed them one day, that there were some people in the world spiteful enough to say that they were straining to imitate the county gentlefolk, and that all their fine entertainments were only laughed at by those who attended them. So also it was generally believed that Mr and Mrs Dashwood laid down their britzka and two dun ponies, for no

other cause than her reporting the remark of a neighbour (whom she pretended in common with Mrs D. to hate very much), that it was really wonderful how the colonel's half-pay was made to go so far. A woman who exercised the gift in this way might rather be considered as an useful monitor or reformer than any thing else. Her object was to gratify the wish of the poet—

Oh wad some power the giftie gie us,
To see ourselves as others see us!

Startled by the images reflected in her mirror, people trembled and were corrected. Undoubtedly it would be for the good of mankind, if there were more persons, possessed of the same moral courage, and the disposition to exercise it in the same way, going about amongst them.

Genuine Malagrowtherers, particularly of the gentler sex, know another mode of using third parties with effect. Whenever they hear of any friend you have got, whether that friend be the faithful and kind associate of long bygone years, or only the acquaintance picked up at random a few weeks ago, they immediately set themselves to learn all they can to his disadvantage, which they take the first opportunity of reporting to you. This is a still safer mode than any of the preceding, for it is not so likely to excite sudden and high resentment as the attack upon one's self. It is, however, equally tormenting in its general effect. A man may have sufficient candour to listen quietly to a discourse calculated to set his friends in a low light—he may listen, and even assent; but in the long-run he feels himself degraded by his presumed connection with such persons. If he is a man of nice honour, he writhes to hear that one whom he has invited to his house, and allowed to dance with his daughters, is thought by many to be a black-leg. If he is simply aristocratic in his feelings, he loathes the day on which he was prevailed upon by easy good nature to dine with one whom he now finds to be reputed as the son of a retired ship-chandler. If he be a generous and affectionate man, he is shocked to hear such sad stories of one whom he had long allowed himself to regard as a friend. A mercantile person will, on the other hand, be annoyed to be reminded of one of his most endeared associates who has lately become a bankrupt under unpleasant circumstances. One way or another, a Malagrowtherer of any tact may easily manage, by this mode, to give a considerable amount of pain. The treat is greatly heightened when the poor wretch makes a miserable attempt to deny the friends so much undervalued, or speaks of them as persons whom he has only met once or twice. To know that a real intimacy has subsisted, and to hear it thus explained away, while the twinged countenance betrays that the truth is not disguised within, must be a joy which only Malagrowtherers can fully appreciate.

Malagrowthering is an art, it may be said, of nice gradations. The touch on the sore heel is candid, but coarse. The reporting of what a third party has said is more refined, while equally efficacious and more safe. Then come the insinuations against friends, more refined still. Last, and finest policy of all, though perhaps too fine for all occasions, is that form of the art which consists in holding up a person's real or supposed faults to his own inspection, by frequent reference to these faults, either abstractly, or as exemplified in some third person, that person being real or imaginary as may suit the pleasure of the artist. If, for instance, a lady has a young friend whom she wishes to torment, but very covertly, so that there shall be no chance of the patient defending herself in an offensive way, all she has to do is to take up one of the young lady's faults, or some fault at least at

tributed to her, and harp upon that form of human error, with illustrative examples, for half an hour at a time, once in the morning, a second time in the middle of the day, and a third time in the evening, or perhaps oftener if there be opportunity, always taking care to keep upon hypothetical grounds, and never making the least approach to a direct charge. Where the patient chances to be a person of fine feelings, and considerable love of approbation, the pain inflicted is generally very great, for not only has she the sense of being held guilty of the fault, but she is deprived of all power to vindicate herself by denying or extenuating, seeing that to assume the lecture as intended for her own correction would at once be to acknowledge the assumed guilt, besides implying that her counsellor was guilty of Malagrowthering. Here, also, the Malagrowthering usually has a great additional enjoyment in witnessing the conduct of the patient under her knife. Her propositions are usually so very much in accordance with established maxims, as that pride is bad, and vanity much to be despised, that they cannot be denied. A whole lecture will be so sound in its morality, that the victim must assent to every word of it. The examples of the vice drawn from imagination or from real life will be so frightful, that every dash of the pencil must elicit a new exclamation of horror from the sufferer. Thus she is made, as it were, to sign and seal her own condemnation, and this she usually does with so many ill-concealed twistings and writhings, that even the Malagrowthering herself, one would think, must sometimes be disposed, though only for a moment, to relent. Relenting, however, is a failing of which no true follower of Sir Mungo is ever guilty. Patients often run under their guns to ask quarter—that is, take the occult satire in good part, in the hope of being held free of the imputed error; but there is, to the best of our knowledge, no well-authenticated case of one of them being spared a single pang for all their submissiveness and good nature.

There is a variety of the first plan, which may be most properly introduced at this place. If your friend, for example, has met a severe loss through simplicity or imprudence, tell him how sorry you were to hear of it, how severe it must be upon him, and so forth. Do not forget, however, in the first place, to express incredulity as to the report, and then you will have the additional satisfaction of making him confess his error, and go over the whole recital of what evidently lowers him to the dust in his own esteem. Be sure not to be sparing in your expressions of pity, for pity humiliates its object, all the time that it looks so proper and even creditable in him who professes it. There is one variety of this department of the art which never fails of success. Every body has poor relations, and many have depraved ones. Nobody likes to hear of such persons in his own case. At the same time, it is held discreditable to disown or speak otherwise than kindly of them. Calculating these things, the same mistress of the art who has been above alluded to, made it her business to learn all about the humble kinsfolk of all her friends, before whom on proper occasions she would bring forward references to the unfortunate people in all sorts of plausible ways; stating that she had been applied to by one for a situation, and wishing to know her character; or that she had met another one day, a very old, infirm, and poor person, who had given her a tale of personal woes quite distressing to listen to; or perhaps it would be, that she lamented to see that wild young cousin of yours come back once more from America, to be a torment to his parents, and a vexation to the police, particularly after so much money had been spent on his last outfit. All this she used to manage under cover of such an earnestly friendly manner, that no one could shake her off or express positive offence, while a stranger hearing her for the first time would have been inclined to think her a woman who took an uncommon interest in the poor, and looked with eyes of Christian leniency on the wicked. Such, indeed, was the blandness of her style, that even the patient did not at the time (in most cases) feel his wounds. Usually, it was not till left to his own solitary reflections, that he discovered how severely he had been lacerated, and became aware how tremendous a power is that of the Malagrowthering.

The only serious drawback from the pleasures and advantages of Malagrowthering, is, that it does not in the long-run conduce to the popularity of the adept. It is sure, sooner or later, to be seen through, more especially when practised frequently or systematically; and some degree of resentment is the unavoidable consequence. This sentiment may not show itself in the sufferers at the time, either from their not then being conscious of it, or because there is no opportunity of expressing it. And the Malagrowthering is apt, accordingly, to suppose that no more will be said or thought about the matter. But this is in most cases a great mistake. If there be a secretive mode of inflicting pain, there may also be a secretive mode of retribution. Covert sarcasm may be met by covert sarcasm. One corny toe may pay for the treading upon

another. Or the Malagrowthering may be simply disliked and avoided, which is the more likely and general consequence. But one consolation then remains, and we seriously recommend it to the attention of all regular performers, that such has been the fate of all who have endeavoured to chastise the follies and correct the morals of mankind since the beginning of the world.

PHYSICAL AGENTS AFFECTING MAN.

SECOND ARTICLE.

In a recent number, some attention was devoted to the consideration of those physical agencies which exert an injurious influence on the well-being of the poorer classes of society in large cities, and which exist and operate independently in a great measure of their social condition and moral habits. The want or imperfection of sewers, the existence of stagnant pools and ditches, accumulations of vegetable and animal refuse, the improper state and position of slaughter-houses and burial-grounds, and the crowding together of buildings in courts and alleys, were pointed out as the chief causes, falling under the head just mentioned, which impair the health of those living in situations exposed to their influence. An attempt was also made to show in what manner and to what extent these evils were remediable. But there are other causes affecting to a greater extent the health and well-being of the same orders of society, and, consequently, still more deserving of attention. This second class of detrimental agencies is connected with the circumstances, habits, and modes of life of the poor in large communities. A pretty clear line of distinction is thus drawn between that branch of the subject formerly considered, and the one to which we propose to devote the remainder of the present paper.

In the Report of Drs Arnott and Kay upon the causes of Fever in the British Metropolis, the following sources of disease, springing more or less from the habits of the poor, are enumerated:—1. The state of the lodging-houses of mendicants and vagrants, and of a certain class of the Irish poor. 2. The crowded state of the dwelling-houses, which, in certain districts, contain several families under one roof. 3. The gross want of cleanliness of the person, dress, and habitations among certain classes of the poor. 4. The prevalence of intemperance. 5. The habit of dwelling in previously deserted houses, cellars, &c. 6. Keeping pigs, &c. in dwelling-houses. 7. Indisposition to be removed to the hospitals when infected with contagious disease. 8. The neglect of vaccination.

That this is an accurate and well-founded statement of the causes that more immediately operate in producing disease among the lower orders of large communities, can scarcely be denied. Yet, assuredly, these are but the proximate or secondary causes. To what is the crowded state of the lodging-houses, as well as of the private dwellings of the lower orders, fundamentally owing? To the destitute state of those who frequent and inhabit them—to their inability to pay for and maintain better places of abode. Again, destitution, if it does not directly and entirely take away from those subjected to it the power and means of being cleanly in person, dress, and dwelling, takes away at least the spirit and anxiety to be so; they have not the heart to bestir themselves for the preservation of this minor source of comfort and health, while suffering under the heavier inflictions of indigence and want. A starving family cannot whitewash walls, or brush the dirt from rage. As to intemperance, it is scarcely possible for human beings, in a state of destitution, to resist the temptation to drown care in intoxication, whenever an opportunity occurs. The habit of dwelling in deserted houses, and of keeping pigs, &c. in human habitations, is plainly referable, in a great measure, to the same primary cause; and there can be little doubt, moreover, that the unwillingness to enter hospitals, and to have children vaccinated, is attributable, to a considerable extent, and in the majority of cases, to that spirit of reckless negligence which is generated by the constant pressure of the actual evils of indigence, and which cannot but lead those exposed to them to care but little for evils that are only possible and prospective.

All this is so clear, so obvious, that it may be said we are merely stating truisms. What then? If it be admitted that destitution is a primary cause and source of those habits and circumstances from which spring contagion and disease, does it not follow, that in considering the ways and means of preventing or remedying these evils, we ought to keep in view, first and foremost, their radical fount and spring—Poverty? It may be said that this is an irremediable evil; and, certainly, to extirpate it altogether from society, may be impossible; but it can scarcely be questioned that its extent and severity may be modified and moderated, by a proper system of social policy. If so, the establishment of such a system should ever form a leading object with all who study to improve the sanitary condition of their country.

These latter remarks were in some measure anticipated in a recent article, in this periodical, on the subject of the general Management of the Poor, which had it in view to consider the propriety of making stated provision for that class, wherever they had it not already. As one argument for the establishment of such provision, it was there mentioned that Dr Alison, in his late able pamphlet upon the state of the poor in Scotland, traces the fevers and diseases of

the lower orders, in Edinburgh and Glasgow, mainly to destitution. The evidence which he brings forward in support of his views is strong and conclusive. We shall only allude to two impressive points in his statements, by way of convincing our readers of the justice of the opinions already expressed here. In the first place, it is found by Dr Alison, from an extensive observation of the history of epidemics, that they almost universally prevail with the greatest virulence after the occurrence of some catastrophe, spreading pecuniary and mental distress through the community in which they appear. Several great epidemics have raged in Ireland since 1700, each of them of nearly two years' duration. In 1740, a long and severe frost occurred, and was followed by a fearful epidemic. In 1799 and 1800, a scarcity (besides the insurrection) afflicted the land, and a two years' epidemic was the consequence. In 1816, another scarcity occurred, and this, along with the distresses attendant on the "transition from the war to peace," caused another terrible epidemic. In 1708, 1720, and 1731, similar events took place, with similar consequences. Now, it is natural that a frost or a scarcity, accompanied by agricultural or commercial distress, should cut off many victims; but unless destitution promoted contagious diseases to a striking extent, why these regular, successive, and long-continued epidemics? In Edinburgh, while commerce flourished on the deceptive basis of the war-prices, the number of fever cases admitted annually to the Royal Infirmary, for twenty years, never exceeded 130. In the three years following 1816, when the war-bubble burst, they averaged 905 annually. Commerce regained its balance, and up to 1825, the admissions were fewer, but during the three years following the great failures of 1825, they rose to 1173 in the twelve months. After another interval of decrease, the admissions were raised by the new crisis of 1835, to 3270, on an average, in the years 1836, 1837, 1838. The increase of the population must be allowed for here, but, taking this fully into account, can any thing more strikingly exhibit the great influence of depression of circumstances, or destitution among the poor, in producing disease?

The first and second sources of disease, mentioned in the Report, are the "state of the lodging-houses of mendicants and vagrants," and the "crowded state of the private dwelling-houses of the poor in certain districts." The third cause mentioned, is the "uncleanliness of the poor in dress, person, and domicile." Without supposing any great change in the circumstances of the parties concerned, certainly these evils are capable of very considerable diminution. That they really exist, and in a deplorable degree, is placed by the Report beyond doubt, as regards London, and we fear that London is at least no worse than Glasgow, Edinburgh, and some other large cities, in these points. Small lodging-houses of two floors frequently contain from thirty to forty people each night, and these people, all of the lowest description, are taken in for their wretched pittance, whether sick or healthy, clean or dirty. Four or five beds are ranged around each small close room, and three or more persons usually sleep in each of these beds, all perhaps strangers to one another. What a scene such a house must present by night! And yet it is a common one in the low lodging-houses of London. The consequence is, that "during the whole year, disease, or fever, never leaves these places." In a small cluster of such lodging-houses, called Mill's Lane, the attending surgeon visited, according to his own statement, "eighty-two cases of fever in the year ending March last." The private dwellings of many of the poor are scarcely less crowded.

As to want of cleanliness in point of dress, person, and habitation, the Report gives us a melancholy picture of the poor in London. Other places are even worse in this respect. The evil of uncleanliness is a more serious one than is commonly imagined. It was formerly mentioned, upon Dr Southwood Smith's authority, that when a portion of atmospheric air, loaded with putrescent exhalations, was analytically examined, a poison was found mixed with it, of so deadly a nature, that, when injected into the veins of animals, it produced fever and death. Now, what do uncleanly houses contain, or what do individuals uncleanly in person and dress bear about with them, but the refuse of animal and vegetable matter? From the walls of their habitations, and from their own bodies, their lungs must be perpetually inhaling that vitiated effluvia which actual experiment has shown to be a baneful poison, capable of producing, according to its degree of intensity, all varieties of fever, from the slightest species of it to the fatal yellow fever of the tropics. The cleanliness of individual persons, and more especially of individual houses, is obviously of nearly as much consequence to a large community, as the general cleanliness of a district, its courts, streets, and lanes.

The Report on the Fevers of London suggests the following steps for securing the cleanliness of lodging-houses, and the dwellings of the poor generally. A Sanitary Board of Guardians exists in that city, and the Report proposes to give to the Board sufficient powers to accomplish the following ends, at the public expense:—1. "To direct the removal of accumulations of filth from houses, the yards of dwelling-houses, &c., whenever two medical officers certified in writing that the state of such places was likely to prove injurious to the health of the neighbourhood. 2. To cause from time to time an inspection of the lodging-houses at

which paupers, vagrants, and mendicants, are reported by their officers to lodge. 3. To cause the whitewashing of the rooms of such houses at least twice every year, and if, after notice to that effect from the clerk of the Board, dated ten days previously, the inspector shall find that the occupier has neglected to comply with such direction, to authorise the Board to cause the house to be whitewashed by such persons as they may appoint for that purpose, and to recover the cost of such whitewashing and cleansing by application to the occupier or owner of such property, or by a summary mode, upon refusal, of either of them. 4. When the inspector shall report that three or more families live under the same roof, to authorise the Board to cause such house to be whitewashed and cleansed in a similar manner at least twice a-year, at the expense of the owner."

These are the principal suggestions of the Report which bear on the point under consideration. As, in spite of the pauper night-houses, and other similar establishments which may be erected, and which it is highly advisable to establish, many of the indigent poor will always flock to lodging-houses of the kind now existing, these suggestions may be attended to with advantage in every great city. But, in addition to whitewashing and cleansing, the necessity of ventilation, or the admission of free currents of air into human dwellings, ought ever to be kept in view. With constant renewals of fresh air, even a lodging-house, or a crowded workhouse, may be healthy. Dr Southwood Smith mentions a striking case in point. In the Whitechapel workhouse, 89 out of 104 girls were recently attacked with fever; and this has been but a too common occurrence there. In the Jews' Hospital, again, situated nearly in the same locality, and exposed to the same general influences, fever has never once occurred as an epidemic among the children for these eight years. Dr Southwood Smith was much struck by this circumstance, but, on inquiring into the matter, his wonder ceased. He saw clearly that it was owing to the different mode in which the dormitories of the two houses were ventilated. He found that 104 girls slept in close-placed beds in the Whitechapel workhouse, in one long room, only seven feet high, with sloping roof, and most imperfect ventilation. The children of the other house had dormitories with lofty walls, well separated beds, and ten large ventilators in the roof. Dr Southwood Smith calculated that the Jews' Hospital dormitories had a supply of air four times greater than that admitted into the other one. As if to place the matter beyond doubt, it proved on inquiry that the Jews' Hospital children had scarcely ever been without fever at one time, but the evil had entirely ceased when their dormitories were altered and more fully ventilated. Thus, nearly at one and the same time, 89 out of 104 poor girls in the Whitechapel establishment have had fever, through want of ventilation. A strong case like this is preferable to a thousand arguments.

It is true that the possibility of effectually ventilating single houses depends greatly on the state of the air in the locality where they are placed. But we are supposing that, where changes are made at all, steps shall be taken for the improvement at once of districts, and of particular spots, courts, lanes, and houses, in these districts. The mode in which a house is built, also, materially affects its capabilities for ventilation; but, generally speaking, in any tolerably open and clean locality, houses may receive a pretty free supply of air, if the inhabitants fully appreciate its value, and take care to promote it. The Report already quoted proposes that the Board of Guardians of London be empowered to prevent the formation of any street less than a certain number of feet in width, of courts with covered entries, &c. Roominess is the great desideratum, whether in street, court, or dwelling. Were it merely for the sake of admitting light, the residences of human beings should be open and unconfined. Plants die in the total absence of light, and a similar effect, to a certain extent, is produced by it on the animal frame. Through the agency of light, man is supplied with no inconsiderable part of the oxygen upon which his life depends.

As to the "habit of dwelling in previously deserted houses, cellars, &c., and the keeping of animals in dwelling-houses," the risk of contracting disease in the one case, and, in the other, of generating putrescent effluvia of a noxious kind, is so obvious that the safety of the community demands the extinction of these practices wherever they may be found to exist.

On another cause of disease among the poor of large communities, namely, intemperance, we do not consider it necessary to dwell here. The evil has already been often adverted to in this Journal, and indeed is treated of at some length in another part of the present number. Besides, the subject is at this day undergoing ample discussion in this and every other civilised land; and in the numerous publications devoted especially to the question, the injurious influence of the practice upon health may be seen stated at length. That this is an evil of the first magnitude, is undeniable.

The poor have a very general dislike to be removed to hospitals when attacked by illness, or to permit any member of their families to be taken thither in the like circumstances. How injurious such prejudices are in their practical effect, will appear from the following case, one of many that might be adduced. The surgeons of the workhouse at Bermondsey state that a

family came under their care, consisting of "three branches, one residing in Upper Russell Street, one in Raven and Sun-yard, the other in Ebenezer Row. Of the former, the whole family, five in number, have recovered; of the other family, eight in number have been attacked, and all got well except the mother, who died shortly after her admittance into the workhouse; the children recovered, and, after being some time in the house, were removed to an adjoining parish, and from thence sent back to Ebenezer Row, though we gave a certificate that it was dangerous and improper to do so. One child admitted on Monday last, was the fourteenth of this family which has been received into the workhouse attacked with fever, so that no sooner has one been cured than another has come in; whereas, if we could have insisted upon their earlier removal, the parish would in all probability have been saved the expense of maintaining them during so long a period." It would be superfluous to multiply examples of the same thing. There can be little doubt that it is the interest and indeed the duty of poor people who have large families, and are not possessed of the means to ensure the proper tending and treatment at home of such of them as may fall ill, to send them to those establishments erected for them by the generous charity of their country, where they may have a fair chance of recovery, and where they will be out of the way of involving relatives and neighbours in the same mishap with themselves.

The neglect of vaccination by the poorer orders in almost all large towns, is very general, and at the same time very inexcusable. There are in all considerable cities, either establishments for the purpose of vaccinating the children of the poor, or medical men who are ready to perform that duty gratuitously in their several districts. Sheer indolence and carelessness lead the lower classes to leave their children unvaccinated, or to have it done by improper persons; and the consequence is, as we see from the reports of medical men in London, that small-pox, often of a malignant kind, is of very common occurrence in the densely populated districts. Medical men, we repeat, invite the poor to adopt the remedy for this evil, and give their services for nothing. It is inexcusable, therefore, to hold back; but some means should be adopted, if possible, to make vaccination obligatory upon the poor. As in the case of other contagious diseases, they not only injure themselves by their neglect, but endanger the health and comfort of the whole community amid which they are placed.

The arguments in this paper, and the one which preceded it, will not be altogether, we hope, without their effect. Their object has been to show the prevailing causes of disease, and, above all, contagious disease, among the poor of large communities; or, in other words, to point out the physical agencies chiefly affecting man in civilised society. The vitiated state of the atmosphere in particular localities or districts from general causes, the destitution of the lower orders, and a train of causes, such as uncleanness and intemperance, mainly dependent on that destitution, have been indicated and adverted to in detail, as the influences chiefly injurious to the well-being of man in society. Whether or not any immediate or direct good flows from such an inquiry as this, a reflecting mind may at least draw from it consolatory hopes of future good; for every thing that has been now said, we think, will support the satisfactory position laid down at the commencement of our former article, that, by the wise and benevolent arrangement of the Divine Being, all or nearly all of the physical evils to which man is subjected in this world, are to a great extent remediable by his own exertions, and that by a close observation of the laws of nature, he may secure a large measure of health and happiness in the present scene of existence.

A STORY OF SWEDEN.*

CHRISTINA of Sweden, only child and successor to Gustavus Adolphus, the Lion of the North, and right arm, as he was called, of the Protestant faith, ascended the throne of her ancestors at a very early age. She was a woman of considerable talents, but more remarkable for energy of character, and an indomitable will; qualities which she inherited from her father, and which her position, as the uncontrolled head of an almost absolute monarchy, nursed into more than masculine strength. Her wilfulness always displayed itself in a rash, though sometimes in a generous way; and in one of her fits of the latter kind, ere she had advanced far in life, she formally resigned her crown, for the good, as she imagined, of her people. The sacrifice was soon repented of, but too late for retrieval, and she spent her latter days in retirement. It was this extraordinary woman's leading wish, when on the throne, to be compared to Elizabeth of England, and she imitated that princess even in her cold-hearted and unworthy coquetry. Hereby hangs the tale we have now to tell.

The young Queen of Sweden gave a magnificent fête or masquerade in her palace at Stockholm. This fête had a peculiar character, and one which doubled its splendour and attractions, while exhibiting, at the same time, the ruling foible of the heroine of the north. Christina wished, for one night, to have the pleasure of openly and expressly bearing the charac-

ter of the English princess, and to resuscitate around her all that was brilliant and distinguished at the court of her model. For this purpose she had given orders that her own courtiers should assume for the time the characters of the various men of note in Elizabeth's reign, and, in particular cases, she conferred on individuals the honour of assigning to them the parts they were to play. This was rather a delicate point, it must be remembered; for such parts as those of Essex and Leicester had a significance attached to them, which could not escape remark. Any old statesman might play Burleigh, as easily as is done in Mr Puff's famous drama; but no common man durst assume the character of either of the two noblemen before mentioned. A modest aspirant for royal favour, however, might venture on the garb of a Raleigh, and more than one young courtier did appear in the guise of Sir Walter, on this brilliant evening. The Swedish queen was delighted with the result of her project. A strict etiquette had been established for the regulation of costume, and in order to give a better rule of guidance in this particular, Christina had been at the pains to send for portraits of all the principal personages to be represented. Thus, the verisimilitude of the scene was rendered perfect.

Among the individuals who attracted most interest on this occasion, by their appearance and manners, were a young cavalier and an elegant woman, who kept much beside one another during the evening. They were both distinguished for the high-bred ease and grace of their movements, and this circumstance alone, independently of the language in which they spoke to each other, might have served to mark them as foreigners. They were both, indeed, from France. They seemed to be on the most confidential terms; but there was one notable point of discrepancy apparent between them. The lady seemed willing and even desirous to show herself openly in the crowd, whereas her companion evidently sought to keep himself as much as possible out of the common eye, and, in particular, to avoid the notice of the queen, as she moved from place to place in the splendid assembly. Ultimately, the young cavalier appeared to succeed in bending his companion to his wishes on this subject, and the pair retired to the recess of one of the lofty windows, where they commenced an animated conversation, though in low tones. Young and light-hearted, and possessing the spirited temperament of their common country, with a full share of its turn for raillery, they scanned, from their secluded nook, the whole of the vast assembly, and subjected every one who caught their eyes to a witty but good-humoured review.

"Ah," said the lady, "look at that little Leicester; what think you of him?"

"Poor fellow! he does not see that the queen wished to make a caricature of him, by putting him into such a garb!" said the gentleman in return.

"Lord Burleigh's representative," continued the lady, "has got the wig, at least—but nothing more."

"And see," rejoined her companion, "how Sir Christopher Hatton bears himself! The English cavalier, it is said, could dance well, but his personator is pleased to make himself a walking minuet."

In such a style did the cavalier and the lady chat for one another's amusement in the window recess. At last, the lady, with an appearance of nonchalance, but with a tone of voice that betrayed some deeper interest in the matter, said to her companion, "Apropos—the queen herself—how do you like her?"

"The queen!" replied the cavalier in a low voice, casting around him a troubled glance.

"Yes," continued the lady; "do you think she resembles Elizabeth of England?"

"Between us—just as much as Madame Laura resembles Maria Theresa of France!" was the youth's answer. As the last words left his lips, he grew deadly pale. His companion alone seemed to enjoy the remark.

"Admirable!" cried she, and signalled her sense of the joke which was conveyed to her by the words, by a hearty laugh. But her mirth received a sudden check, as her eye fell on the personage who now stood in front of her and her companion.

"Who is this Madame Laura?" said the Queen Christina; for it was she herself who now appeared before the cavalier and the lady, having overheard all that had passed.

At this question, the cavalier, previously much agitated, was compelled to lean on the window. But he recovered himself sufficiently to reply, though with an altered and faltering voice, to the queen's interrogatory, "Madame Laura, please your majesty, is a Parisian lady, who has the honour to resemble the Queen of France—both in dignity of manners and beauty."

Christina looked on the speaker with an air of doubt and indecision. "Count d'Harcourt," said she after a pause, biting her lips at the same time, "this is a trait of French gallantry for which the Queen of Sweden may thank you at some future period." Nodding lightly and haughtily to the count's fair companion, Christina then turned away, and with majestic step moved to the spot where a band of courtiers were engaged at the card-table. Meanwhile the whisper passed from tongue to tongue, "The queen has spoken particularly to the young Frenchman; his fortune is made." The object of their remarks, on the other hand, was at that moment muttering to himself, "I am ruined—lost!" And taking leave of his former companion, almost without a word on either side, the Count d'Harcourt left the assembly.

Christina, after speaking as has been related, went

* Translated from the French.

directly to the ambassador of France, whom she drew aside from the crowd. "I have a favour to ask of your excellency," said she, "under the seal of secrecy." "Your majesty has but to speak," said the diplomatist gravely, "and I shall be proud to obey you to the utmost of my power." "I assure you," returned the queen, "your power will not be severely taxed at present. It is but a trifle—a bagatelle—that I am interested about just now; but I think you are the only person who can gratify my wish. I desire but to know who and what a certain Parisian lady is, who bears the name of *Madame Laura*?"

"Madame Laura—Madame Laura!" rejoined the ambassador, turning his eyes on the ground.

"Yes, Madame Laura," said the queen impatiently; "does your excellency know her?"

Upon the diplomatist avouching that he never in his life had heard of such a lady, Christina tapped the ground restlessly with her foot, and appeared annoyed. "Then your excellency," said she at length, with an imperious voice, "will have the goodness to favour me by finding out the lady. Let an express set out for Paris this night, and return without a moment's delay with full details respecting the position and character of this Madame Laura." The ambassador bowed respectfully, and retired to give immediate orders to a courier to proceed on this extraordinary mission.

It has been said that the Queen of Sweden imitated or at least resembled Elizabeth in her fashion of coquetting with some favoured noble of her court. The personage on whom, at the date of our story, the favour of Christina seemed to have fallen, was that young Frenchman, who, exiled for political reasons from his own country, had come to Sweden in the hope of obtaining military service. The queen received him with peculiar marks of distinction, gave him a commission in her life-guards, and conducted herself towards him, altogether, in such a manner as would have given even a very modest man reason to believe himself an object of marked regard. To a young man of twenty-five, bold and ambitious, such a conviction was likely to be flattering and seductive. We cannot say that it was not so in the case of Count d'Harcourt, but whatever might be his dreams of ambition, his affections had lighted on another object than the sovereign of Sweden. This was the Baroness Helena of Steinberg, a young and beautiful countrywoman of his own, and the widow of a deceased Swedish noble. The baroness returned d'Harcourt's passion warmly, and the jealous eye of love soon advised her of the potent rival with whom she had to combat for his affection. On the occasion of the masked ball, Christina had herself deigned to suggest the character of Essex to the young Count d'Harcourt. The baroness, when informed of the circumstance, saw its full significance, and was bold enough to venture on answering the hint of the queen by a covert allusion of the same practical kind. Finding a portrait of Lady Sidney, widow of Sir Philip, whom Essex had privately made his countess, the baroness had assumed the character of that lady at the risk of giving offence. Hence the unwillingness of d'Harcourt to attract attention at the masquerade, the baroness being then his companion. Well would it have been for the young noble had he been equally cautious with regard to his speech! But, in reality, the costume of Christina, which had called from him the mysterious remark about Madame Laura, was somewhat ridiculous. The numberless frills of Elizabeth's usual dress, with all its other stiff and stately points, were very much out of place on the restless, careless, and petulant Queen of Sweden. Perhaps she was partly suspicious of this on reflection, and the more galling was the idea of being an object of ridicule to the man she favoured, and, above all, to her rival in his regard.

The impatient queen received an answer from Paris in eight days, so actively did the courier fulfil the orders given. "Madame Laura," said the document which he brought, "is a court lady who has become mad. Her mania consists in a belief that she is queen of France, and in her endeavour to rival the real sovereign, Maria Theresa, in all her dresses and decorations. The poor woman passes her life in this sole occupation. The queen never assumes a habit, which is not seen immediately afterwards on Madame Laura. As she is as inoffensive as ridiculous, nobody meddles with her, and she is every where known in Paris by the name of the *queen's caricature*." This dispatch had additional details of the same kind, and concluded by exhibiting a portrait of poor Madame Laura, dressed as Maria Theresa, and looking inexpressibly ridiculous.

The rage of the Queen of Sweden knew no bounds. She had conceived that there was some little point about d'Harcourt's comparison somewhat unfavourable, but to find that she had been compared altogether to a vain and ridiculous madwoman—she, the heroine and pride of the north—she, who had almost allowed the author of this gross insult to know that she loved him—she, to be an object of contempt to this strange youth and his Lady Sidney, the woman for whom he seemed to reject herself—such a thought was torturing to the heart of the proud and wilful princess. "Wretches!" she exclaimed, "this is the comparison you would have had me to believe a compliment!" Filled with such emotions, the queen again chanced to look at the detailed account of Madame Laura. "Innocent as the madness of the lady really is," said one part of the paper, "she is an austere sovereign, and by no means inclined to admit clemency among the royal virtues. She speaks ever of executing

justice." The passage tallied with the state of the queen's mind. "Yes," cried she, "if I am ridiculous, like her, I will be similar to her in all things." Then she set herself to discover a fit chastisement for d'Harcourt. None appeared to her sufficiently heavy, sharp, or sudden. In this temper, passed the day on which she received this galling document from Paris.

Sleep, or the calm of night, brought a change over her feelings. She arose with an altered mind from her couch, and in place of an order for his confinement in a dungeon, she sent to d'Harcourt, on that morning, the brevet of the additional rank of lieutenant-colonel.

The count, who had been preparing himself for leaving Stockholm, was surprised and confounded on receiving this intelligence. He was the more so, as he had not the least doubt but that the queen must have discovered the secret of his allusion to Madame Laura, from some of the Frenchmen about the court. The conduct of Christina thus appeared to him in a most magnanimous light, and a light very dangerous to his fidelity to the Baroness de Steinberg. Still more was this the case, when after the lapse of but a few months, he was raised to the rank of colonel, and, subsequently, on the occasion of his performance of a gallant action, was honoured with the rank of general, and the key of chamberlain of the household. He was induced also to become a naturalised Swede, as a step to further greatness.

All eyes were now turned upon the rising young Frenchman, and it was thought that the premiership, if not a higher honour, was within his grasp. He was in a trying position. He was charmed with the queen's generosity of heart, and believed that she must love him, though nothing but her kindly actions, and, it may be, her looks, had indicated it hitherto; and he had never dared to enter upon such a subject. Indeed, dazzled as he was by the prospect of personal favour from a young, powerful, and not unlovely princess, d'Harcourt still felt his heart to be with the Baroness de Steinberg. His fidelity to the latter, and his ambition, came at length to a direct trial—a struggle for superiority. The Baroness de Steinberg had seen, with mingled feelings of pain and pleasure, the elevation of her lover, but the sense of pain predominated. She saw that ambition was estranging him from her. One day, accordingly, she wrote to him, announcing her intention to leave Stockholm that evening, but plainly indicating that if he yet loved her enough to retain her, she would not go. At the same moment, almost, the count received a letter from the queen, desiring his immediate presence at a private consultation with her council. This was equivalent to an announcement of a new honour awaiting him. The count was deeply agitated by this dilemma, but ambition, or what he would fain have called *duty*, gained the day. He neglected the invitation of the baroness, and went to the palace, seals and portfolios dancing before his mind's eye by the way.

The queen was seated in council when he was announced. All smiled upon the favourite; but Christina signified her wish for the whole to retire, and d'Harcourt was left alone with her. She was pale, and he also was agitated. It seemed to him as if the moment was come when a crown was to fall on his head. After a pause, the queen lifted a portfolio, stamped with the royal arms, the symbol of supreme if not royal power, and holding it out, said, "Do you desire it?"

The smile of the queen made the intoxicated young noble interpret this into, "Do you love me?" and he fell on his knees, exclaiming in answer, "Yes, I love you, as much as I reverence and admire you!" He continued in this strain for a short time, when the queen interrupted him—and what an interruption!

"Enough!" cried she, in a tone that froze the blood in the count's heart, a tone resembling that of a player who casts aside a mask he has worn for a time. The dismayed count would have risen, but she imperiously signed to him to remain. "At length," continued she, in a tone of concentrated bitterness, "at length I see you there—and the hour of my revenge is come!" D'Harcourt fell back, with his head upon a fauteuil, dumb, and motionless. "Yes!" resumed Christina, "I knew that you loved me, but I wished to hear you declare it, as I can now say, as a woman, what I might long since have said as a queen, that I—scorn and despise you!"

A groan was all the reply of the undeceived and unfortunate count.

"Yes, I have raised you," continued the queen, "only for the enjoyment of this hour. Elizabeth raised the Earl of Essex step by step to place and honour. So have I done by you. But there is a further step. If I cannot be Elizabeth, as Madame Laura, whom I resemble so much, and who is equally cruel as mad, I may fairly finish the similitude. You remember the end of Essex?"

"Death!" exclaimed the agitated count involuntarily.

"Yes! death on the scaffold," said the queen. "I have taken care to naturalise you in Sweden, and you are at my discretion. But I will conclude this affair in a manner more worthy of Madame Laura, and consequently of me," added Christina bitterly. As she spoke, she summoned the councillors to re-enter.

"This man," said she to them, "is insane. Let him be conveyed to the madhouse!" Dumb with horror, the Count d'Harcourt was taken from the royal presence.

Insanity really attacked the unhappy man. But, from the tenderness of one woman, he found a partial remedy for the cruelty of another. On hearing of his doom, which was mitigated in time, the Baroness de Steinberg, forgetful of all her wrongs, flew back to Stockholm. Her future days were dedicated to the solacement of the broken-spirited Count d'Harcourt.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

CURIOUS FEATURE OF THE BOOKSELLING BUSINESS IN AMERICA.

THE present Journal is regularly reprinted by Mr Jackson, bookseller, New York, and has been so since January 1838, several previous American republications of the work having failed. We have been informed that Mr Jackson sells 2500 copies, and hopes to sell more hereafter. It is sold in weekly numbers and monthly parts, but to subscribers only; that is, to persons who undertake to receive the work regularly for a year, and to them the annual charge is two dollars and a quarter, or about ten shillings; being about one-half more than the British price. We only introduce these circumstances to notice, as connected with a remarkable feature in the business of the publisher and bookseller in America, which we have never seen noticed. It is, that in America no single number of a periodical work can be had, either from the publisher, or from any retail bookseller. It is necessary to subscribe for them for the year, or not at all. There is no recognised price for a single number: the only price known is the *price per annum*, and this whether the work be weekly, monthly, or quarterly. Thus, the North American Review, the Knickerbocker (a monthly magazine), and the New York Mirror (a weekly sheet), are respectively five dollars per annum. No number of these works bears its own price upon its cover, as with us, for no single number is ever sold. Neither is any work to be had any where in the town where it is published, but at the office of the publisher, or in other towns but at the shop of the single agent for the work. It is easy to see how these practices must affect any periodical work, whether originated or reprinted in America, in which an effort should be made to proceed upon the principle of making an extensive sale compensate for a low price—in short, what is called in this country a cheap periodical. Trammelled by such a mode of publication and sale, there can be no such thing as a cheap periodical in America. A combination of the first intellects of the country to establish such an organ of popular instruction and amusement, would probably fail in its object, merely on account of its not being a custom of the bookelling trade to deal in single numbers of any periodical work. The vast class below a certain grade who could afford to buy the work weekly, or occasionally, but who could not become subscribers for a year, and pay the amount beforehand, or at least in one sum, would be excluded, and the work therefore would require to be calculated, in price, for only a moderate sale amongst the middle classes. This is surely a state of things not creditable to America. The custom is clearly a bad one, and ought to be altered immediately. In Britain, not only is there no difficulty in obtaining a single number of a periodical work from any ordinary bookseller, but there is now, in most towns of considerable magnitude, especially those containing a manufacturing population, a class of booksellers planted in neat small shops, generally in the suburbs, who make a decent livelihood almost exclusively by the sale of periodical publications, chiefly those of the cheap kind, and who may be considered as amongst the most useful of our trading citizens. Unless there should be local obstacles of which we are not at present aware, we should expect that a business of the same kind might flourish in the cities of America, and the more so that the higher booksellers would probably be the last to give into the new practice.

MEN SURVIVED BY THEIR FIRMS.

It is very common when any individual or copartnership has been successful in business, and when the business survives its originators, to make no change in the firm, or business designation, in order that the new man or men may have the benefit of a respected name to second their own efforts and deserts. In the eye of a strict morality, this can in no instance be quite right, for it certainly involves a modification of the crime of obtaining money under false pretences. Sanctioned, however, by custom, and practically not productive of any evil consequences, it may be overlooked in all ordinary mercantile concerns, where one honest and active man of business may be fairly presumed to be as good as another. Clearly, however, it is not so excusable in business concerns in which special personal qualities are called into exercise. Say, for instance, that an ingenious man has become famous for his skill in making musical instruments, and that instruments of his making bring a higher price or meet a quicker sale than those of other makers, it would obviously be an act of deception for any person or persons, after his death, under the pretence of keeping alive his business, to make and sell similar instruments marked with his name. Here the business is not simply mercantile: there must have been some peculiar ingenuity, skill, or shrewdness in the original man, which it is in the highest degree unlikely that his successors possess; and therefore they are not entitled to keep up his name. So, also, if an engraver of maps has acquired celebrity in his particular art, it is plainly

wrong to keep alive his name in a business concern after his death, seeing that the art of engraving maps involves a degree of geographical knowledge, or at least of conscientiousness and industry in consulting authorities, as well as of skill and taste in engraving, which another man may not have. His successors may say, the late man did not in his latter days engrave maps with his own hand, but employed clever subalterns, all of whom we still have about us, so that in reality the work issued from our office is now as good as ever it was. All this may be true, but it is far from being satisfactory. If the late man did not latterly do any thing with his own hand, he probably exercised a general superintendence which was useful. At least, he gave the guarantee of his name that the work was properly executed—that name being generally recognised as that of a man of credit and renown in the construction of maps, and who might be supposed to be on his guard lest it should suffer by appearing in connection with inferior work. But, now that he has been dead and gone for many years, the superintendence may be of a very different character, the maps may be engraved under circumstances much less advantageous for neatness and accuracy, and the guarantee given is not that of the persons concerned, but that of a man past all human accountability. Neither will it do to say that the death of the original man is well known, and that the phrase "engraved by ——" can deceive nobody. His death must be unknown to a great number of persons, who, in trusting to the above phrase as a recommendation, must unquestionably be deceived. It may even chance that individuals, ignorant of the reputation of the man, may purchase the productions of his successors, merely from seeing his name paraded in a way meant to convey the idea of recommendation. Can this be called *no deceiving*? Take the case, however, in any way we will, it must appear as a kind of imposture. The phrase itself, "engraved by ——" the person meant having been dead for years, is a downright statement of what is not true. It is a false statement, obviously designed for a purpose, and that purpose must be the benefit of those who use the phrase. If not, why do they not at once use their own names, or adopt the phrase "successors!" in either of which cases there could be no dubiety. Obliquities of this sort are, we humbly conceive, unworthy of men engaged in honourable callings. Solomon's Balm of Gilead may be sold after Mr Solomon himself is dead, and no one, who swallows the balm itself, will strain at the matter of the name. But when we find any thing partaking of the nature of imposture in connection with intellectual pursuits or operations, we unavoidably feel shocked, because it is in such pursuits and operations that we naturally expect to find the purest integrity and candour.

TAIT'S MAGAZINE FOR APRIL.

THE TOTAL ABSTINENCE MOVEMENT IN MUNSTER.

MR TAIT'S Magazine has the great merit of being much cheaper than others of the same class. Laying aside its politics, which, after all, occupy but a small portion of the work, its literary matter, especially in the department of tales, is generally of a high character. In the number before us, the leading article is one descriptive of the late abstinence movement in the south of Ireland. We have seen this movement alluded to by snatches in many newspapers, but have not before met with any thing like a historical summary of the affair, and we therefore consider the present paper as one of considerable interest and importance. It will probably for the first time afford a just idea, on this side of the water, of Father Matthew's operations, which, though exemplifying, we believe, all the features of the moral epidemic, and therefore resting, we fear, on not the soundest basis, are certainly in the mean time of a most beneficial character, and may even be supposed to promise some measure of permanent good.

Mr Matthew is, as is generally known, a Catholic clergyman in Cork. Early in 1838 he established in that city a Total Abstinence Society, which on the 20th of January 1840, numbered 500,000 members. "This rapid increase," says the author of the article before us, "is sufficiently remarkable in itself, but it calls for our deepest attention if it can be shown to proceed from a great national movement; a voluntary effort on the part of the people, which develops some of the most peculiar features of Irish character." He has watched and witnessed the progress of the business, and he has come to the conclusion, "that a great majority of those who have received the temperance pledge from Mr Matthew, took the step in consequence of observing the improvement visible in the health and circumstances of friends and neighbours who had joined the society, and that in comparatively few instances was any persuasive attempted by superiors, either lay or clerical." We shall now quote the account given by our author of the history of the society.

"The first attempt to establish a total abstinence society in the south of Ireland, was made in Cork by some members of the Society of Friends. This was attended with little or no success, and they solicited Mr Matthew to commence one on similar principles, rightly judging that twenty years' zealous performance of the duties of his office, which had gained for him

the enviable reputation of being the poor man's friend, was the best of qualifications for an apostle of temperance. The reverend gentleman was not sanguine of the success of his undertaking. We have it on his own authority, that at the commencement he would have thought himself fortunate in obtaining five hundred members. A public meeting, however, was held, and on the 10th of April 1838 the society was formed on the widest possible basis, the only form requisite on admission being a repetition of the following pledge:—"I promise, so long as I shall continue a member of the Tee-Total Temperance Society, to abstain from all intoxicating liquors, unless recommended for medical purposes, and to discourage, by all means in my power, the practice of intoxication in others;" Mr Matthew adding, "May God bless you, and enable you to keep your promise." At first, but few converts were made, and those chiefly due to Mr Matthew's influence with the lower orders, whose confidence he had previously gained; but a great improvement taking place in the health of those who had discontinued the use of spirits, it was immediately supposed that some healing power was possessed by the reverend gentleman, of which the tee-totaller received the benefit. This gave a great impetus to the society; and the halt, the maimed, and the blind, crowded to Cork to take the pledge and be healed. Mr Matthew at once set his face against this delusion, and the society was left to rest on its own merits; but there remains a strong impression that the pledge administered by Mr Matthew is superior in efficacy to that administered by others. We have questioned many tee-totallers on this subject, and their answer has uniformly been, "We have seen notorious drunkards reclaimed by going to Cork, men who had resisted the most serious appeals from their own clergy, and broken the most solemn vows, taken voluntarily, against drinking; and, therefore, we should prefer walking a hundred miles to take it from him, to staying at home and taking it from any one else." We are told that this is rank superstition, but we confess our inability to discover why a man is not equally free to select a physician for his moral imperfections as for his bodily ailments; why, to bring it nearer home, the poor Irishman should not sling his shoes across his shillelagh, and walk to Cork, just as reasonably as the rich Englishman should put four horses to his chariot and drive to Leamington.

The rapid increase of the Tee-Total Temperance Society soon began to attract public attention, and several applications were made to Mr Matthew to visit various towns for the sake of making converts. These he uniformly refused, alleging that all who were in earnest would come to him, and that the fatigue and privations incident to a long journey, especially if made on foot, would be likely to impress the occasion of it deeply on their minds. The first exception to this rule occurred when he visited Limerick to preach a charity sermon, on which occasion troops were obliged to be called out to prevent loss of life, from the mere pressure of the thousands who crowded to take the pledge. Mr Matthew was subsequently requested, by his ecclesiastical superiors, to visit Waterford and Clonmel, as the numbers of country people who flocked into Cork were in many instances overreached and plundered by designing individuals, who professed to accommodate strangers. It thus appears that, after the first establishment of the society, no further measures were required on the part of Mr Matthew than the enrolment of the crowds who daily presented themselves for admission. To make this clear, we will allow the tee-totallers to speak for themselves, merely premising that, in all the cases we shall bring forward, the witnesses were examined by ourselves; some casually when in our employ as guides, boatmen, &c.; others when in their shops, or engaged in their trade or business, as tailors, shoemakers, &c.; and that the drift of our questions has always been to discover the immediate cause of their taking the pledge, and its effects upon their health and circumstances:—

1. John Fleming, aged forty, guide and bugleman at Killarney, took the pledge in June 1839. After receiving money, he never could rest till he had spent it; and when he could not drink it all himself, used to treat others. Joined the Tee-Total Society in consequence of having sold his bugle, and enlisted when very drunk. Was imprisoned for taking money on false pretences, he having taken the money to enlist when too old to enter the service. When released, was persuaded by his sister-in-law, who keeps a whisky shop, to go to Cork. Walked there, and drank two glasses of whisky and two pints of ale on the road; walked back next day, drank milk, and found the road shorter. Used, after drinking, to sleep badly, and eat no breakfast; now, sleeps uniformly well, and can eat any thing. Has, in the course of the summer, paid many pounds of debt previously incurred, besides living on a superior diet. At first the publicans offered to treat him to whisky, punch, &c.; now, no one thinks of proposing it to him. Is much better in health, and never feels the want of spirits either when wet or cold.

2. John Collins, turned seventy, boot and shoe maker at Killarney. Went to Cork, August 7, 1839. From his childhood was in the habit of drinking whenever he could get the price of a glass of whisky. Used to take the money for his children's breakfast, and buy whisky, leaving them and himself without food. Had four sons, whom he taught to drink as well as himself; and when they came home at night drunk, used to

fight his sons, and kick and beat his wife. [By the solicitations of his son, he went to Cork, and took the pledge from Father Matthew.] The next day he tried to walk from Cork (fifty-eight miles), taking nothing but a little sour milk; thought he should have died, but felt quite content, though sure that a glass of whisky would cure him. Felt faint and weak for three weeks; since that, has never found the want of drink; is better in health, lives well, and on the best terms with his family. Used to have potatoes, perhaps dry bread, very often nothing; now, has meat once a-day, and tea or coffee for breakfast; the same again before going to bed.

3. Francis Donoghue, aged forty-one, druggist, Killarney, a freeholder for the county of Kerry, took pledge July 8, 1839. Drank hard; was committed to Bridewell for a street row twice. The second time, was supplied with liquor by his friends; got drunk, and set the Bridewell on fire; drank himself mad, and was in the lunatic asylum for some time, but recovered, and drank again. When a patient came to him to have a tooth drawn, or to be bled, he would offer them a glass of whisky, as he always had a large bottle before him. Drank himself into difficulties, and pawned every thing he had. In the first week of abstinence, felt the want of a glass; after that, has never missed it. His circumstances are improving, and his family bless the day on which he went to Cork. Is apothecary to the Killarney Society; nearly 500. Only four have been ill, for six months; none of them have suffered from leaving off spirits.

4. Denis MacCarthy, aged fifty-seven, boatman at Killarney, took the pledge 2d September 1839. Began to drink as a waiter. Used sometimes to drink as much as a quart of whisky in the morning. Put money in his shoes at night, when going to bed, lest his wife should find it. Lost his appetite latterly, so that, perhaps, he would not eat more than once in forty-eight hours; but lived on whisky. His face became as red as a rose, and he found that two glasses in a morning would make him stupid and drunk. This told him his constitution was going; and he went to Cork, with six others of the greatest drinkers of the neighbourhood. Could now eat, three or four times a-day, any thing set before him. Is convinced he was as great a drinker as any man in the country, but has never felt the want of it since he spoke the words.

5. Timothy MacCarthy, aged thirty, carpenter at Killarney, took the pledge 11th July 1839. Began to drink at nine years old; stole a note from his mother, to spend in drink, when not more than ten. Drank so hard that he frequently couldn't taste food for six days in the week. When he first heard of the tee-totallers, he was very glad; but thought it could not apply to confirmed drunkards like himself. Used to be mad when drunk; knocking down every body he met in the street; sometimes tried to kill himself. Taken up by the police for a drunken row, and whilst on his way to prison, kicked a man who passed; broke the watch in his fob; caught up live ashes in the Bridewell, with his naked hands, and threw them into the bed, and nearly suffocated himself. When he saw that old drunkards had been to Cork, and were reclaimed, he set off, spent fifteen shillings all but fourpence on the road, chiefly in drink, and went to Father Matthew more than half drunk. Mr Matthew recommended him to wait till next day, but he refused, and declares that from that moment he never has felt the slightest wish to drink. Has recovered his appetite, and is in constant work, at high wages.

6. John Brien, aged thirty-nine, bellhanger at Killarney, took the pledge 8th June 1839. Before he took the pledge, was drunk, more or less, every day. Wonders, now, how he could have got through his business: lost many of his employers, and got involved, so that no one would credit him; generally had some of his clothes in pawn. Thinks no one drank from such pure love of whisky as himself. Lost Lord Kenmare's employment, and then determined to go to Cork. When his neighbours heard of his going, they shook their heads, and said, "If Brien gives up drinking, we'll think something of Father Matthew's new system. He'll never get back from Cork without getting drunk." When he came back sober, they said, "He can't hold out a fortnight." At the end of a fortnight they gave him six weeks; and seeing him still sober, they went themselves.

Other nine cases, much resembling these, are given; after which the writer proceeds to consider the question which must naturally arise in every mind, "Will this last?" He is inclined to augur that it will, with many at least, and this for various reasons—first, that improved health, wealth, and comfort, are found to flow from temperance; and, second, because, being so universal, surrounding example and precept are favourable to its continuance. We now follow him into an interesting part of the subject.

"It will readily be supposed that the abstraction of half a million of drunkards from the population must exercise a very decided influence on the statistics of the province; and, accordingly, we find a considerable falling off in the duties on spirits during the past year, and an increase in those upon tea and other excisable articles. We could also refer, with the greatest satisfaction, to police reports, and addresses of magistrates at petty sessions. But we are aware that the great diminution in crime observable in the south of Ireland, for the last twelve months, is, by many, attributed to the absence of all political excitement; and we therefore prefer to confine ourselves to those facts which

cannot possibly be attributed to any other cause than tee-totalism. Of this kind are the following details, communicated to us by Dr Bullen, surgeon to the North Infirmary in Cork, one of the largest hospitals in Ireland; an hospital which, during the last eleven months, has received 1258 in-door, and 14,500 out-door, patients. Dr Bullen states, that cases of casualties, consisting of personal assaults consequent upon drinking, after payment of wages on Saturday night, have within the last nine months been reduced to one-third of their former average amount. That the cases of wives brought to the hospital in consequence of brutal beating or kicking by their husbands, which formerly averaged two a-week, have within the same period nearly ceased. That the casualties arising from falls from scaffolding, injuries by machinery, &c., have been reduced fifty per cent. He also states that, in the course of his extensive practice, although frequently meeting with *delirium tremens*, and other dreadful complaints brought on by excessive drinking, he has not met with one case of disease referable to the sudden and total disuse of spirits. At the last renewal of licences, in the city of Limerick, eighty publicans and vendors of spirits abstained from applying for a renewal. In the small town of Killybeg, fourteen have given up dealing in spirits; and we are happy to find that in most cases they have established soup and coffee shops, bake-houses, and other similar accommodations for the poorer classes, which will materially assist in diminishing the temptation to a relapse. At Cork, in addition to a great diminution in the applications for spirit licences, sixteen publicans have been declared insolvent, all of whom attributed their failure to Mr Matthew's success. Similar details might be collected from almost every town south of Dublin; but as the progress of the society was, for the first year, comparatively slow (at the end of twelve months about 7000 members had been enrolled), the effect of so good a change in the morals and habits of the people will not be fully apparent in the statistics of the country for at least twelve months to come."

The writer concludes with some speculations on the probable effects of sobriety in Munster upon the cultivation of the soil, and in admitting English capital and enterprise to come into the province. That it will, if lasting, work great good in these respects, will scarcely, we suppose, be doubted.

MRS HALL'S MARIAN.

MARIAN is a young lady befriended by an affectionate Irish nurse, named Kitty Macane. In the first of the two following extracts, Kitty gives her views respecting a well-known employment for young ladies—severely true in the main, though perhaps a little exaggerated. In the second, Marian is represented as actually in a situation, and of a somewhat different kind.

GOING A-GOVERNESSING.

"I will be a governess," said Marian, triumphantly; "great women have been teachers, I have heard Miss Kitty say—great and good women. Kings must have teachers; queens must have governesses."

Kitty Macane compressed her lips and elevated her brows.

"To go a-governessing is looking at the world through the back windows. I never heard such folly! To be, as a body may say, between hawk and buzzard; too low for the drawing-room, too high for the kitchen; belonging neither to the earth beneath nor the heavens above; slighted by the mistress; insulted by the servants; winked at by the gentlemen visitors, and shook off by the lady ones; blamed for the faults of the children; barked at by the dogs, scratched by the cats; a thing without a place; a free woman, treated as a born slave. Listen to me, avourneen. I have known at home and abroad, big and little, thirteen governesses in my time; twelve were born miserable, and were always kept so; the thirteenth was lucky, for she died in her first place. Ooh, alanna! God break hard fortune before any woman's child—I'd rayther, or as soon, see you in yer grave, as going a-governessing."

"Better than living a dependent," said Marian, still more proudly; "any thing better than that."

"Now listen to me. Ye're too young yet to dream of such a thing, for if ye war a rock o' sense, and a tree o' wisdom, which I never knew gentle or simple to be at your age, my precious darling, stately as ye're looking—setting a case you war all I say, did you ever know a governess, who, if she worked the brain out of her head, let alone her fingers to the bone, wasn't considered a dependent?"

"She earns her income," persisted Marian; "she gives her talents for her employer's money; one could not do without the other."

"Ooh, good-morrow to ye, my lady!" exclaimed Kitty, with the bitterness of a woman who knows the world; "ye've read that in some romance. Look in the newspapers—though, indeed, it's better ye didn't. I, that have been a camp follower for many a year—served under the duke (God keep him in health, and strength, and happiness, and glory, which he can't fail to be in, to the end of his days, and longer, seeing he's taken the shine out of Bonyparte and Marlboro', whose fine place is close to where the big boys goes to school—Oxford they call it)—well, I never looks at a paper on account of the wakeness in my eyes, and the pot-boy not lending me the loan of one, barrin' on

Sundays, on account of the small drop of beer I take; and then I see so much badness in it, that I'm glad it's a Sunday I see it, for it can't be so bad that day as any other; and, indeed, there's nothing in a paper much worse than advertisements for teachers, where they are expected to be the most educated and wonderful of God's cratures—with every quality of angels—French, and Latin, and algebra, and music, and to have the charge of only five or six children, and needle-work, and hard-work, and wardrobe-work, and the devil knows what—and then, at the heel of the hunt comes in, that as it's a comfortable situation, no salary the first year."

Marian laughed at her nurse's picture; but she had built her own castle, and resolved, poor girl, to inhabit it the first opportunity.

MARIAN AS A COMPANION TO A LADY.

One night Marian had exhausted all her arts of pleasing (those who are constrained to please ever feel as if they lacked the means to do so); she had quilled her patroness a new *tour de tête*, invented expressly for the purpose of concealing the junction between the real and false hair; she had gaudied a frill; she had oiled her curls; she had played her favourite waltzes, and practised a new quadrille; she had gone to the fruiterer's to select some raisins; she had been called stupid and idle and ill-tempered before the grinning servants, and had bitten her lips to enforce silence to insults she dared not reply to; she had made some blanc-mange, attempted to clear obstinate opaque jelly, and been called from it to attend to some trifling alteration in the pinning of a ribbon or the trimming of a shoe, by which means the blanc-mange was spoiled, and the jelly left to run cold—for servants always make common cause against an humble companion, particularly if she be honest and independent. Finally, she undressed Mrs Truitt; and then, while she tried on various nightcaps, and wailed and moaned and egotised, was obliged to half-dress her again, as she declared her bed was ill made, and Marian must remake it; then she ordered her to sing her asleep. Marian commenced with a lullaby; but no, that would not do. How could Marian suppose she could be sung to sleep like common people, particularly common stage-people, who always go to sleep to a lullaby! No, she could go to sleep to nothing that was not light and animating; and the poor girl was forced to suffocate her feelings and sing the song of mirth in the region of misery. When her tormentor was fairly asleep, instead of going, as a servant could, to her regular repose, poor Marian was obliged to return to the narrow precincts of what the fantastic lady called her "boudoir"—a back-room within a back-room—and there write various letters and orders which she had been directed to dispatch "the first thing in the morning." Her young eyes ached, her cheek was blanched, yet, long after the clock struck one, she commenced her task. All the servants, except the footman, had gone to bed, and he waited for his master. She had known that her only real friend—her poor Irish nurse—had watched the entire day to see her, and she had cried more than once at the impossibility of meeting her faithful friend.

Her fingers performed their almost mechanical operation, while tear after tear dropped upon her hand. "I would not bear it!" she exclaimed, as a torrent of painful recollections crowded on her remembrance; "I would not bear it, but that she has no other to serve her faithfully in the whole world but me; and she was kind to me in my childhood—she was kind to me in my childhood." And then she continued her task until the loud knocking of Mr Truitt and a continuation of louder talking in the hall assured her that "the master" had returned; presently she heard the sound of several footsteps ascend to the front drawing-room, and then Mr Truitt say to the servant, "All gone to bed!—cook gone to bed! Call her up, and let her hunt out the larder, bring the tray up here! What! no candles—no fire!"

"I will fetch candles, sir, and I suppose there is a fire in my mistress's boudoir, as Miss Marian is there."

Mr Truitt took the candle from the footman's hand, and, having done so, half reeled, half walked, followed by his companions, into the room where Marian, trembling she knew not why, was occupied with her pen.

"Have you got the keys?" he inquired, in the thick inarticulate tone of drunkenness. "No, sir."

"Then go and get them."

"Yes, sir, but"—replied Marian, rising.

"What but—what do you mean?"

"Mrs Truitt has been very unwell, sir, all day, and she is only now gone to sleep—must I disturb her?"

Marian lit a taper, and proceeded slowly up stairs.

AN OLD GENERAL.

The sun was shining brightly on the Thames—the trees were glittering in their draperies of frosted silver—a fire had been kindled before daylight in the sacred drawing-room, and sparkled brightly within polished bars of the purest steel. The apartment was solitary as usual. The general was at his breakfast table in the library—the urn and necessary appendages were of plain gold—the chair he sat in was covered with Genoa velvet of the deepest crimson.

The old officer's appearance was as singular as his dwelling. No one could have mistaken him for an ordinary person. He was exceedingly small of stature, and of delicate proportions; his feet and hands as minute as those of a beautiful woman—and there is no perfection of beauty where they are not exquisitely moulded. His features were prominent, though not

large; his nose high and arched; his lips thin and compressed; his eye black as jet, and only seen distinctly when he elevated his thick shaggy brows, which were of snowy whiteness, and hung completely over his eyes; his forehead was high and wrinkled, surmounted by an abundance of white hair, which, instead of lying straight and smooth, as it generally does in old age, curled and bushed about his head, in a way that showed it was much cared for by his valet.

A stayed respectable-looking woman sat opposite to her master, and prepared his tea, which she handed him as he sat, or rather sank, in his cushioned chair. His dress was in keeping with his house. His stockings were of white-ribbed silk; his shoes brightly polished; his waistcoat was of white embroidered silk; and the skirts of his broadcled dressing-gown were spread upon his knees, while the ermine collar appeared as if never disturbed from its position round his throat. His cravat was trimmed with lace, and fell upon his bosom; and the loose sleeves of his dressing-gown, as they fell back nearly to his elbows, showed that his shirt was of the finest linen, and his sleeve-buttons composed of superb brilliants. A beautiful Persian greyhound had laid its head upon its master's knee, and looked wistfully up to the face which, severe as was its ordinary expression, smiled kindly, if not sweetly, upon Hafiz.

"Has this paper been wiped and dried?" inquired the old gentleman, as he looked at the Morning Post. "Yes, Sir Henry, it is perfectly dry and clean, I assure you." "It is very odd, Mrs Upton, that you never remember to put the paper on the right-hand side of the muffineer." "I beg your pardon, Sir Henry; I did place it at the right hand, but Mullins displaced it; I should have seen to it." "Thank you, Mrs Upton. You are sure it is not damp? Very good—very good."

And he forthwith commenced reading a paragraph, and then taking his tea, toast, muffins, and cold pie, in rotation, and in a manner which proved him an adept in the art of good living. When the general had finished his repast, Mrs Upton poured some cream into a cup of water, and presented it to Hafiz, and then the old general smiled, and, folding the paper, handed it, with a courtly inclination of his head, to Mrs Upton, saying, as great newsmongers generally do, after reading from the title to the printer's name, "There is nothing in it." The housekeeper curtsied her thanks—the breakfast things were removed—the gentleman's chair wheeled round to the fire, and his reading-table placed by his side.

"Please, Sir Henry," said the urbane Mrs Upton, "would you be so good as to tell me if you expect any one to-day, and what you would desire for dinner?"

"I dare say," replied the general, "I shall see my grandson this morning. When I was his age, I would have been a-field before this hour; but times are changed—times are changed!"

"Master Peronett's a fine youth, though, Sir Henry—a very fine youth; so much handsomer than Master Godfrey, his cousin!—I suppose the soup, soles, haunch of mutton, with some light things, will be enough?"

"Quite, thank you—quite enough, Mrs Upton. You think Henry better looking than Godfrey? Well, I can't say I do, Mrs Upton. Godfrey has the Peronett eye—the Peronett eye; very peculiar that—I never saw any person, not a Peronett, have the eye, and few Peronetts without it. Now, Henry has not the eye."

"But the nose, Sir Henry! Master Peronett has a nose!"

"God bless my soul, Mrs Upton, to be sure he has!—a nose very like his poor father's. But a nose is of little consequence—the eye—the eye is the thing!"

"Undoubtedly, Sir Henry—the eye is the distinguishing feature."

"In noble families," said the little man, crossing his legs with evident self-complacency, "the eye always is the distinguishing feature; in the Peronett family, as you have heard me before observe, it is peculiarly so. The eye is the window of the soul. No; Master Peronett's eyes are not like Godfrey's: I am sorry for it, for I should have liked the property and the eyes to go together, as they have always done heretofore—but it can't be helped. I wish Mrs Gibbs would take back these bantams—they are not of a size; now, I like to see five or six of those white bantams exactly of a size—will you have the goodness to get them weighed to ascertain! Good morning, Mrs Upton. By the way, I forgot to tell you that I fear the housemaid is incorrigible; I assure you the towels in my dressing-room were again folded in three."

"I will see to it myself, Sir Henry," said the housekeeper.

"Thank you, Mrs Upton; but that is not what I desire; it would never do to set a drill-serjeant to do private work—you understand me?"

Mrs Upton curtsied again, and had got as far as the door, when she was called back.

"Mrs Upton, pray do not suffer Master Peronett to imagine that I am at all disappointed at his wanting the Peronett eye—it might make him unhappy—dissatisfied with his eyes; and then, Mrs Upton, there is no knowing what the young man might do."

"Very true, Sir Henry—he might even think of spectacles!"

General Sir Henry Peronett cast a most indignant look at the housekeeper, who, seeing that she had erred, endeavoured to remedy her error.

"I saw young Lord Roebuck in spectacles yesterday, Sir Henry; and I thought—that is, I heard—that, being short-sighted, he wore glasses."

"Very likely, madam; but I do not see what Lord Roebuck's eyes have to do with the eyes of the Peronets. Perhaps you will inform me—I wait for information, Mrs Upton," added the testy old gentleman.

"Oh, Sir Henry, of course there can be no comparison; I ventured on the remark without any object—"

"Which, let me tell you, Mrs Upton, was like stepping out of the ranks—very unsoldierly conduct for the wife of a gallant officer."

"I will be more careful, sir," replied the widow, curtseying, and now thinking herself fairly off. But she was mistaken.

"Has the gardener trimmed those geraniums, and sent to the fire in the green-house?"

"Yes, Sir Henry."

"Very sorry to trouble you, my good lady, but the catalogue of plants?"

"Is quite ready, Sir Henry."

"Thank you, Mrs Upton; you deserved, madam—you deserved to be a soldier's wife!"

ODD LONDON CHARACTERS OF FORMER TIMES.

GEORGE ALEXANDER STEVENS.

THIS was the first man who ever succeeded in entertaining an audience for a whole evening by his own unassisted powers of amusement. He was a native of London, of obscure birth, and originally designed for some mechanical employment, but in early youth became an actor. The beginning of his career in life was marked by vice and folly, until disease and penury brought on repentant feelings. Such is his own statement in a poem entitled "Religion, or the Libertine Repentant," which he published in 1751. After a provincial career, he came to London in 1752, and obtained an engagement at Covent-Garden Theatre, but did not succeed in making himself a favourite. He prosecuted the profession for several years with no marked success, and also from time to time published novels and prepared short dramatic pieces, but was after all chiefly noted as a witty and amusing companion, and a prime figure at several convivial clubs. It is to be feared that, after he recovered from the sickness in which his first poem was written, his early habits were resumed, and that for some years his life was far from reputable. There is extant a letter which he wrote from Yarmouth jail, while imprisoned there for debt: it is so characteristic of the man, that it may here be reprinted.

"Dear Sir,

When I parted from you at Doncaster, I imagined, long before this, to have met with some oddities worth acquainting you with. It is grown a fashion of late to write lives—I have now, and for a long time have had, leisure enough to write mine, but want materials for the latter part of it; for my existence cannot properly be called living, but what the painters term still-life; having, since February 13th, been confined in this town jail for a London debt. As a hunted deer is always shunned by the happier herd, so am I deserted by the company, my share taken off, and no support left, save what my wife can spare me out of hers.

'Deserted, in my utmost need,
By those my former bounty fed.'

With an economy which till now I was a stranger to, I have made shift hitherto to victual my little garrison; but then it has been with the aid of good friends and allies—my clothes. This week's eating finishes my last waistcoat; and next I must atone for my errors on bread and water.

Themistocles had so many towns to furnish his table, and a whole city bore the charge of his meals. In some respects I am like him, for I am furnished by the labours of a multitude. A wig has fed me two days—the trimmings of a waistcoat as long—a pair of velvet breeches paid my washerwoman—and a ruffled shirt has found me in shaving. My coats I swallowed by degrees: the sleeves I breakfasted upon for weeks—the body, skirts, &c., served me for dinner two months. My silk stockings have paid my lodgings, and two pair of new pumps enabled me to smoke several pipes. It is incredible how my appetite (barometer-like) rises in proportion as my necessities make their terrible advances. I here could say something droll about a stomach; but it is ill jesting with edge-tools, and I am sure that is the sharpest thing about me.

You may think I can have no sense of my condition, that, while I am thus wretched, I should offer at ridicule; but, sir, people constituted like me, with a disproportionate levity of spirits, are always most merry when they are most miserable, and quicken like the eyes of the consumptive, which are always brightest the nearer a patient approaches to dissolution. However, sir, to show that I am not entirely lost to all reflection, I think myself poor enough to want a favour, and humble enough to ask it. Here, sir, I might make an encomium on your good nature, humanity, &c.; but I shall not pay so bad a compliment to your understanding as to endeavour, by a parade of phrases, to win it over to my interest. If you could, any night at a concert, make a small collection for me, it might be a means of obtaining my

liberty; and you know, sir, the first people of rank abroad will perform the most friendly offices for the sick: be not, therefore, offended at the request of a poor (though a deservedly punished) debtor.

G. A. STEVENS."

A lucky accident at length opened a way by which this poor son of Thespis attained wealth and some share of distinction. While acting as manager in a country town, his attention was attracted by the happy way in which a mechanic employed in the theatre sketched off the characters of the members of the corporation. The idea germinated in his mind, which naturally was one possessed of considerable powers of delineating whimsical character; and he soon after wrote the first draught of his celebrated lecture on heads, which was delivered by Shuter the actor. Here the object was to exhibit a head, either carved in wood, or drawn on pasteboard, and to make a few sprightly remarks upon it; after which another was brought forward and remarked upon, and so on; the persons represented being mostly of a character open to ridicule, such as an old starched bachelor, a blood, a fine lady, and so forth. The mechanic who gave the first idea helped Stevens to make the heads, little thinking what a reception they were ultimately to meet with from the public. Much effect was also produced by a judicious use of wigs, head-dresses, and other properties. At first, in Shuter's hands, the exhibition did not meet with success, perhaps in some degree for want of a sufficiency of the required apparatus; but Stevens soon after expanded the lecture considerably, and, procuring a proper head and dress for each character, went himself to try its fortune in the country. This was about the year 1764. In a country town, where regular theatricals are unknown or of poor character, any one who can furnish an evening's tolerable amusement at a moderate price, has a good chance. The Lecture on Heads proved to be quite of the character suited to such places, besides that it was in itself a complete novelty. It took amazingly, and the author, returning with some reputation to London, exhibited it with great applause in the Haymarket Theatre. Thence he proceeded on an extensive tour of England and Scotland, every where meeting the same success. In 1766, by way of varying the entertainment, with a view to re-appearing on the same ground, he brought out a new Lecture, but it did not succeed so well as the first. He afterwards visited America, where the lecture was so much relished, that he was detained in the country two years. At Boston he was apprehensive that the austere spirit of the place would be against him; but even there he met with a flattering reception, and had crowded audiences for six weeks. Quaker Philadelphia was equally gracious to him. The profits of these exhibitions were very great, for he had no associates to pay; and in a few years it was estimated that he had made ten thousand pounds by the adventure—a vast sum to have been realised by a player in those days. It has been said that he did not husband his little fortune with the care which it deserved. Towards the end of his days, he sank into that paralytic state in which the animal powers survive, while the mind is totally gone, and thus was a most pitiable spectacle to all connected with him. Previous to this period, he had sold his lecture and apparatus to Mr Charles Lee Lewis, who consequently delivered it to the best of his ability; but there must have been some comic relish peculiar to Stevens's performance, for Lewis failed exactly as Shuter had done, and the Lecture became an entertainment dead to the public. The author himself paid the debt of nature at Biggleswade in Bedfordshire, September 6, 1784, when probably aged little above sixty.

The Lecture was till a recent period kept constantly in print, with wood engravings representing the heads; and we must own that, in our young days, we were amongst those who found amusement in it. On perusing it lately, we discovered that most of the characters were of a temporary kind—representatives of manners fully as much as of forms of natural character—and that much of the wit was also the wit of a passing mode. Nevertheless, there are some passages which may yet excite a laugh, and which deserve to be rescued from the oblivion into which the volume seems to have fallen. Those in ridicule of lawyers are perhaps the best—always, of course, reserving the point as to the justice of the satire. The following are extracts:—

"We shall now consider the law, as our laws are very considerable, both in bulk and number, according as the statutes declare; *considerandi, considerando, considerandum*; and are not to be meddled with by those that don't understand 'em. Law always expressing itself with true grammatical precision, never confounding moods, cases, or genders, except indeed when a woman happens accidentally to be slain; then the verdict is always brought in *man-slaughter*. The essence of the law is alteration; for the law can altercate, fulminate, deprecate, irritate, and go on at any rate. Now, the quintessence of the law has, according to its name, five parts. The first is the *beginning, or incipiendum*; the second, the *uncertainty, or dubitandum*; the third, *delay, or puzziendum*; fourthly, *replication without endum*; and, fifthly, *monstrum et horrendum*.

All which are exemplified in the following case, Daniel against Dishelout. Daniel was groom in the same family wherein Dishelout was cookmaid; and

Daniel returning home one day fuddled, he stooped down to take a sop out of the dripping-pan, which spoiled his clothes, and he was advised to bring his action against the cookmaid; the pleadings of which were as follow. The first person who spoke was Mr Serjeant Snuffle; he began, saying, "Since I have the honour to be pitched upon to open this cause to your lordship, I shall not impertinently presume to take up any of your lordship's time by a roundabout circumlocutory manner of speaking or talking, quite foreign to the purpose, and not any ways relating to the matter in hand. I shall, I will, I design to show what damages my client has sustained hereupon, whereupon, and thereupon. Now, my lord, my client being a servant in the same family with Dishelout, and not being at board wages, imagined he had a right to the fee-simple of the dripping-pan; therefore he made an attachment on the sop with his right hand, which the defendant replevied with her left, tripped us up, and tumbled us into the dripping-pan. Now, in Broughton's Reports, *Slack versus Smallwood*, it is said that *primus strocus sine focus, absolutus est pycnokus*. Now, who gave the *primus strocus* who gave the first offence? Why, the cook; she brought the dripping-pan there; for, my lord, though we will allow, if we had not been there, we could not have been thrown down there; yet, my lord, if the dripping-pan had not been there, for us to have tumbled down into, we could not have tumbled into the dripping-pan." The next counsel on the same side began with, "My lord, he who makes use of many words to no purpose has not much to say for himself, therefore I shall come to the point at once; at once and immediately I shall come to the point. My client was in liquor: the liquor in him having served an ejection upon his understanding, common sense was nonsuited, and he was a man beside himself, as Dr Biblius declares, in his Dissertation upon Bumpers, in the 139th folio volume of the Abridgement of the Statutes, page 1286, where he says, that a drunken man is *homo duplices*, or a double man; not only because he sees things double, but also because he is not as he should be, *perfecto ipse* he; but is as he should not be, *defecto ipse* he."

The counsel on the other side rose up gracefully, playing with his ruffles prettily, and tossing the ties of his wig about emphatically. He began with, "My lord, and you, gentlemen of the jury, I humbly do conceive I have the authority to declare that I am counsel in this case for the defendant; therefore, my lord, I shall not flourish away in words; words are no more than filligree work. Some people may think them an embellishment; but to me it is a matter of astonishment how any one can be so impertinent to the detriment of all rudiment. But, my lord, this is not to be looked at through the medium of right and wrong; for the law knows no medium, and right and wrong are but its shadows. Now, in the first place, they have called a kitchen my client's premises. Now, a kitchen is nobody's premises; a kitchen is not a warehouse, nor a washhouse, a brewhouse, nor a bakehouse, an inn-house, nor an out-house, nor a dwelling-house; no, my lord, 'tis absolutely and *bona fide* neither more nor less than a kitchen, or, as the law more classically expresses, a kitchen is, *camera necessaria pro usus cookare; cum saucopannis, stocpannis, scullero, dressero, coalholo, storis, smoke-jacko, pro roastandum, boilandum, fryandum, et plum-pudding mixandum, pro turtle soupes, calve's-head-habibus, cum calipes et calipashibus*.

But we shall not avail ourselves of an *alibi*, but admit of the existence of a cook-maid. Now, my lord, we shall take it upon a new ground, and beg a new trial; for, as they have curtailed our name from plain Mary into Moll, I hope the court will not allow of this; for if they were to allow of mistakes, what would the law do? for when the law don't find mistakes, it is the business of the law to make them." Therefore the court allowed them the liberty of a new trial; for the law is our liberty, and it is happy for us we have the liberty to go to law."

We shall now return to the law, for our laws are full of returns, and we shall show a compendium of law [takes the wig]; parts of practice in the twist of the tail. The depth of a full bottom denotes the length of a chancery suit, and the black coffin behind, like a blistering plaster, seems to show us that law is a great irritator, and only to be used in cases of necessity.

We shall now beg leave to change the fashion of the head-dress, for, like a poor periwig-maker, I am obliged to mount several patterns on the same block. [Puts on the wig, and takes the necessity.]

Law is law, law is law, and as in such and so forth, and hereby, and aforesaid, provided always, nevertheless, notwithstanding. Law is like a country dance; people are led up and down in it till they are tired. Law is like a book of surgery; there are a great many terrible cases in it. It is also like physic; they that take least of it are best off. Law is like a homely gentlewoman, very well to follow. Law is like a scolding wife, very bad when it follows us. Law is like a new fashion, people are bewitched to get into it; it is also like bad weather, most people are glad when they get out of it.

We shall now mention a cause, called 'Bullum versus Bostum'; it was a cause that came before me. The cause was as follows:—

There were two farmers; farmer A and farmer B. Farmer A was seized or possessed of a bull: farmer B was possessed of a ferry-boat. Now, the owner of

the ferry-boat had made his boat fast to a post on shore, with a piece of hay, twisted rope-fashion, or, as we say, *culgo roscato*, a hayband. After he had made his boat fast to a post on shore, as it was very natural for a hungry man to do, he went up town to dinner; farmer A's bull, as it was very natural for a hungry bull to do, came down town to look for a dinner; and observing, discovering, seeing, and spying out, some turnips in the bottom of the ferry-boat, the bull scrambled into the ferry-boat: he ate up the turnips, and, to make an end of his meal, fell to work upon the hayband: the boat being eaten from its moorings, floated down the river, with the bull in it: it struck against a rock, beat a hole in the bottom of the boat, and tossed the bull overboard; whereupon the owner of the bull brought his action against the boat, for running away with the bull. The owner of the boat brought his action against the bull for running away with the boat. And thus notice of trial was given, *Bullum versus Boatum, Boatum versus Bullum*.

Now, the counsel for the bull began with saying, 'My lord, and you, gentlemen of the jury, we are counsel in this cause for the bull. We are indicted for running away with the boat. Now, my lord, we have heard of running horses, but never of running bulls before. Now, my lord, the bull could no more run away with the boat, than a man in a coach may be said to run away with the horses; therefore, my lord, how can we punish what is not punishable? How can we eat what is not eatable? Or how can we drink what is not drinkable? Or, as the law says, how can we think on what is not thinkable? Therefore, my lord, as we are counsel in this cause for the bull, if the jury should bring the bull in guilty, the jury would be guilty of a bull.'

The counsel for the boat observed that the bull should be nonsuited, because, in his declaration, he had not specified what colour he was of; for thus wisely, and thus learnedly, spoke the counsel:—'My lord, if the bull was of no colour, he must be of some colour; and if he was not of any colour, what colour could the bull be of? I overruled this motion myself, by observing the bull was a white bull, and that white is no colour; besides, as I told my brethren, they should not trouble their heads to talk of colour in the law, for the law can colour any thing. This cause being afterwards left to a reference, upon the award both bull and boat were acquitted, it being proved that the tide of the river carried them both away; upon which I gave it as my opinion, that, as the tide of the river carried both bull and boat away, both bull and boat had a good action against the water-bailiff.

My opinion being taken, an action was issued, and, upon the traverse, this point of law arose. How, wherefore, and whether, why, when, and what, whatsoever, whereas, and whereby, as the boat was not a *compos mentis* evidence, how could an oath be administered? That point was soon settled by Boatum's attorney declaring that, for his client, he would swear any thing.

The water-bailiff's charter was then read, taken out of the original record in true law Latin; which set forth, in their declaration, that they were carried away either by the tide of flood or the tide of ebb. The charter of the water-bailiff was as follows:—'*Aqua bailiff est magistratus in choist, super omnibus fahibus qui habuerunt finnos et scalos, clavis, shells, et talos, qui swimmare in freshibus, et saltibus receris lakos, pondis, canalibus et well-boats, sine oysteri, prawni, whitini, shrimpi, turbatus, solus; that is, not turbots alone, but turbots and soles both together. But now comes the nicety of the law; the law is as nice as a new-laid egg, and not to be understood by addle-headed people. Bullum and Boatum mentioned both ebb and flood to avoid quibbling; but, it being proved that they were carried away neither by the tide of flood, nor by the tide of ebb, but exactly on the top of high water, they were nonsuited; but, such was the lenity of the court, upon their paying all costs, they were allowed to begin again, *de novo*.*

VISIT TO THE RECEPTACLE FOR THE INSANE IN CAIRO.

MR WILDE, whose travels have already been alluded to, gives the following account of his visit to the receptacle for the insane in Cairo:—

"On reaching the door we were stopped by our conductor, to purchase a few cakes of coarse bread, a supply of which is always kept in the adjoining porch for supplying the visitors, who thus become a principal though precarious means of supporting its wretched inmates. We were led through a narrow passage, where all was still and silent as the tomb; a few steps farther, and we were introduced into a large oblong room, when a yell arose of the most unearthly kind my ears were ever assailed by—so startling, that some of our party involuntarily drew back with horror. Our sight—our smell—our hearing—were overwhelmed with a combination of disgusting realities, such as I believe no other place can exhibit. Around this apartment were arranged a number of dens, about four feet square, closed in front with massive iron gratings. In each of these gloomy filthy cells was a human being, perfectly naked, or with the remnant of the tattered rag he may have worn on his entrance years before, fantastically tied about some part of his person. His hair and beard long and matted; his nails grown into talons; emaciated; covered with vermin, and coated with unutterable filth; an iron collar riveted about his neck, binding him by a massive chain either to a ring in the wall, or connecting him through a circular aperture with his fellow maniac in the adjoining cell.

Upon our entrance, each, like a ravenous animal in a menagerie, when the keeper arrives with food, roused from his lair or his lethargy, and rushed with savage wildness to the grating, extending a withered hand for the expected morsel. The foam of frenzied agony was on every lip; the fire of maniac fury was in every eye; and the poor madman's yell sufficed into the jabber of satisfaction as each in turn snatched his morsel, and devoured it with a growl I can only liken to a tiger's.

I will not disgust my readers with a recital of the sickening scene I witnessed in the female department, where the frown and the whip of the savage keeper rendered unnecessary the chain, the collar, or the grating.

Even with the care and attention shown to those unfortunates in our own country, the sight of madness is one of the most humiliating and pitiable we can witness; but here, where no pains are taken to improve their condition, no care for their wants, and no medical skill to inquire into the causes of their malady, or the possibility of their cure, it is a truly awful spectacle. I need hardly say, that recovery is rare. Indeed, it would be a miracle, as the first glimmerings of returning reason must be instantly and completely destroyed on the patient finding himself immured in a dungeon, replete with such horrors."

GEMS FROM THE OLD ENGLISH POETS.

DESCRIPTION OF STONEHENGE.

Daniel (1562-1619).

And whereto serves that wondrous trophy now
That on the goodly plain near Walton stands?
That huge dumb heap, that cannot tell us how,
Nor what, nor whence it is; nor with whose hands,
Nor for whose glory—it was set to show,
How much our pride mocks that of other lands.

Whereon, when as the gazing passenger
Had greedily look'd with admiration;
And fain would know his birth, and what he were;
How there erected; and how long ago;
Inquires and asks his fellow traveller
What he had heard, and his opinion.

And he knows nothing. Then he turns again,
And looks and sighs; and then admires afresh,
And in himself with sorrow doth complain
The misery of dark forgetfulness:
Angry with time that nothing should remain,
Our greatest wonders' wonder to express.

Then ignorance, with fabulous discourse,
Robbing fair art and cunning of their right,
Tells how those stones were by the devil's force
From Africa brought to Ireland in a night;
And thence to Brittany, by magic course,
From giants' hands redeem'd by Merlin's sleight.

And then near Ambri plac'd, in memory
Of all those noble Britons murder'd there,
By Hengist and his Saxon treachery,
Coming to parley, in peace at unaware.
With this old legend then credulity
Holds her content, and closes up her care.

But is antiquity so great a liar?
Or do her younger sons her age abuse;
Seeing after-comers still so apt to admire
The grave authority that she doth use,
That reverence and respect dares not require
Proof of her deeds, or once her words refuse?

Yet wrong they did us, to presume so far
Upon our early credit and delight;
For once found false, they straight became to mar
Our faith, and their own reputation quite;
That now her truths hardly believed are;
And though she avouch the right, she scarce hath right.

And as for thee, thou huge and mighty frame,
That stand'st corrupted so with time's despite,
And giv'st false evidence against thy fame
That set thee there to testify their right;
And art become a traitor to thy name,
That trusted thee with all the best they might;
Thou shalt stand still belied and slandered,
The only gazing-stock of ignorance.

And by thy galle the wise admonished,
Shall never more desire such hopes to advance,
Nor trust their living glory with the dead
That cannot speak, but leave their fame to chance.

Consider'ing in how small a room do lie,
And yet so safe (as fresh as if alive)
All those great worthies of antiquity,
Which long fore-liv'd thee, and shall long survive;
Who stronger tombs found for eternity,
Than could the pow'rs of all the earth contrive.

Where they remain these trifles to upbraid,
Out of the reach of spoil, and way of rage;
Though time with all his pow'r of years hath laid
Long batt'ry, back'd with undermining aid;
Yet they make head only with their own aid,
And war with his all-conquering forces wage;
Fleeting the heaven's prescription to be free,
And t' have a grant t' endure as long as he.

THE KING OF THE FRENCH.

The following account of the mode of life of Louis Philippe is given by one of the French journals:—"He is called very early, and is no sooner up than he begins to read the diplomatic dispatches and the secret and confidential communications of the ambassadors. He works until eleven o'clock, and then breakfasts upon plain bread and a pitcher of beer. He rarely, indeed, indulges in the luxury of butter. After his breakfast he transacts business with his ministers, and prefers receiving them individually; and, these interviews over, receives other visitors, with whom he converses familiarly on trade, manufactures, buildings, mechanical inventions, &c., all which subjects he understands thoroughly. At three o'clock he shuts himself up in his cabinet, reads the journals and the reports from the police, on which he makes notes, and gives audience to intimate and devoted friends. At five o'clock, when he is at Neuilly, he goes out; and when he is at the Tuilleries, walks in the balcony which overlooks the garden. At six o'clock he dresses himself for dinner, but seldom arrives until it is nearly over; for he will not allow his family to wait for him. He is his own barber, and dresses with the greatest simplicity. When at dinner, he sits between the queen and his

daughter, the Princess Clementine—helps himself to soup—cuts up a *poulet au riz*, nearly the whole of which he eats—takes a cup of tea—and jumps up from the table with some dried fruit in his hand, which he eats whilst conversing, after dinner, with architects and builders. He returns to pass a part of the evening with his family, and examines his sons as to their scientific studies. The visitors who arrive are received *en famille*, and politics are generally avoided. At ten o'clock he retires to his cabinet, and then, except on very important occasions, he does not allow himself to be disturbed. At midnight he closes his books, and commences his correspondence. He frequently remains in his cabinet till day-light, and then goes to bed, but is invariably called at seven, and sometimes six, in the morning. Sometimes he sleeps for an hour or two in the day, and, when on his journey to and from Neuilly, sleeps soundly in his carriage. When in the country, if he does not go out after dinner to look at his masons or his gardeners, he stretches himself out on a sofa, and sleeps for an hour."

[The person who wrote this paragraph must have been imposed upon. He perhaps describes correctly enough one particular day of the king's life, or such a day as occasionally happens; but it is not in nature that any man could lead a life of such labour and excitement, with so little sleep, *habitually*. Probably many other such statements respecting remarkable men have had the like origin—one or a few days of extraordinary exertion taken as examples of the whole.]

SHARK-KILLING.

On the coasts of Sumatra, sharks are sought for and killed as a sporting exercise. A traveller thus speaks of this dangerous pastime:—"I was walking on the bank of the river at the time when some up-country boats were delivering their cargoes. A considerable number of coolies were employed on shore in the work, all of whom I observed running away in apparent trepidation from the edge of the water—returning again, as if eager, yet afraid, to approach some object, and again returning as before. I found on inquiry that the cause of all this perturbation was the appearance of a large and strange-looking fish, swimming close to the bank, and almost in the midst of the boats. I hastened to the spot to ascertain the matter, when I perceived a huge monster of a shark sailing along—now near the surface of the water, and now sinking down, apparently in pursuit of his prey. At this moment, a native on the choppy roofs of one of the boats, with a rope in his hand, which he was slowly coiling up, surveyed the shark's motions with a look that evidently indicated he had a serious intention of encountering him in his own element. Holding the rope, on which he had made a sort of running knot, in one hand, and stretching out the other arm, as if already in the act of swimming, he stood in an attitude truly picturesque, waiting the reappearance of the shark. At about six or eight yards from the boat, the animal rose near the surface, when the native instantly plunged into the water, a short distance from the very jaws of the monster. The shark immediately turned round, and swam slowly towards the man, who in his turn, nothing daunted, struck out the arm that was at liberty, and approached his foe. When within a foot or two of the shark, the native dived beneath him, the animal going down almost at the same instant. The bold assailant in this most frightful contest soon reappeared on the opposite side of the shark, swimming fearlessly with the hand he had at liberty, and holding the rope behind his back with the other. The shark, which had also by this time made his appearance, again immediately swam towards him; and while the animal was apparently in the act of lifting himself over the lower part of the native's body, that he might seize upon his prey, the man, making a strong effort, threw himself up perpendicularly, and went down with his feet foremost, the shark following him so simultaneously that I was fully impressed with the idea that they had gone down grappling together. As far as I could judge, they remained nearly twenty seconds out of sight, while I stood in breathless anxiety, and, I may add, horror, waiting the result of this fearful encounter. Suddenly the native made his appearance, holding up both his hands over his head, and calling out with a voice that proclaimed the victory he had won while underneath the wave, *Tan, tan!* The people in the boat were all prepared; the rope was instantly drawn tight; and the struggling victim, lashing the water in his wrath, was dragged to the shore and dispatched. When measured, his length was found to be six feet nine inches, his girth, at the greatest, three feet seven inches. The native who achieved this intrepid and dexterous exploit bore no other marks of his finny enemy than a cut on his left arm, evidently received from coming in contact with the tail, or some one of the fins of the animal."—*Egan's Book of Sports*.

HOW TO KEEP TAILORS HONEST.

The tailors of Inverness are an ingenious race of men, and fully as good craftsmen as their brethren in the south. We find, however, that their predecessors, a hundred years since, were somewhat suspected. In the letters of Captain Burt, written from this place about 1730, it is mentioned as a "notable precaution against the tailors' purloining," that the following plan was adopted by the inhabitants:—"This is to buy every thing that goes to the making of a suit of clothes, even to the stay-tape and thread; and when they are delivered out, they are altogether weighed before the tailor's face. And when he brings home the suit, it is again put into the scale, with the shreds of every sort, and it is expected the whole shall answer the original weight."—*Inverness Courier*.

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